NUMB. LXIII.

The SPECTATOR.

Humano Capiti cervicem pictor Equinam
Jungere ſi velit & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite Piſones iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Finguntur ſpecies ——— Hor.

Saturday, May 12. 1711.

IT is very hard for the Mind to diſengage it ſelf from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be riſing of themſelves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement; as the Toſſings and Fluctuations of the Sea continue ſeveral hours after the Winds are laid.

To this that I impute my laſt Night's Dream or Vision, that formed into one Continued Allegory the ſeveral Schemes of Wit, whether False, Mixed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late Papers.

Methoughts I was tranſported into a Country that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments, Governed by the Goddeſs of FALSEHOOD, and entitled the *Region of falſe Wit*. There was nothing in the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the Trees bloſſom'd in Leaf-Gold, ſome of them produced Bone-Lace, and ſome of them precious Stones. The Fountains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the Waters, at the ſame time that Dolphins and ſeveral kinds of Fiſh played upon the Banks, or took their Paſtime in the Meadows. The Birds had many of them Golden Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed the Air with Smells of Incenſe, Amber-Greeſe and Pulvillios, and were ſo interwoven with one another, that they grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Winds were fill'd with Sighs and Meſſages of diſtant Lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilderneſs, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon the ſeveral Wonders which lay before me, when to my great Surpriſe I found there were artificial Ecchoes in every Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Words which I ſpoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I ſaid. In the midſt of my Converſation with theſe inviſible Companions, I diſcover'd in the Center of a very dark Grove a Monſtrous Fabrick built after the *Gothick* manner, and covered with innumerable Devices in that barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple conſecrated to the God of *Dullneſs*. Upon my Entrance I ſaw the Deity of the Place dreſſed in the Habit of a Monk, with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right Hand was *Induſtry*, with a Lamp burning before Her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monky ſitting on her Shoulder. Before his Feet there ſtood an *Altar* of a very odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped in that manner, to comply with the Inſcription that ſurrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay ſeveral Offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in Paper, and inſcribed with Verſes. The Temple was filled with Votaries, who applied themſelves to different Diverſions, as their Fancies directed them. In one Part of it I ſaw a Regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their Ranks, ſhifting their Stations, and throwing themſelves into all the Figures and Counter-marches of the moſt changeable and perplexed Exerciſe.

Not far from theſe was a Body of *Acroſticks*, made up of very diſproportioned Perſons. It was diſpoſed into three Columns, the Officers planting themſelves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Officers were all of them at leaſt Six-Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men; but the Common Soldiers, which filled up the Spaces between the Officers, were ſuch Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scare-Crows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acroſticks* two or three files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour-glaſs in one Hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their Poſts promiſcuouſly among the Private Men whom they commanded.

In the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Deity, methoughts I ſaw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipo-grammatiſt*, engaged in a Ball with four and twenty Perſons, who purſued him by turns through all the Intricacies and Labarynths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

Obſerving ſeveral to be very buſie at the Weſtern End of the *Temple*, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Magazine of *Rebus's*. Theſe were ſeveral things of the moſt different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might ſee an Anchor, a Night-rail, and an Hobby-horſe bound up together. One of the Workmen ſeeing me very much ſurprized, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in ſeveral of thoſe Bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleaſed: I thanked him for his Civility, but told him I was in very great haſte at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I obſerved in one Corner of it a Cluſter of Men and Women laughing very heartily, and diverting themſelves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard ſeveral *double Rhymes* as I paſſed by them, which raiſed a great deal of Mirth.

Not

Not far from these was another Set of Merry People engaged at a Diversion, in which the whole Jest was to mistake one Person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous Mistakes, they were divided into Pairs, every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with the same kind of Beast, though, perhaps, there was not the least Resemblance in their Faces. By this means an old Man was sometimes mistaken for a Boy, a Woman for a Man, and a Black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great Peals of Laughter. These I guess'd to be a Party of *Punns*. But being very desirous to get out of this World of Magick, that had almost turned my Brain, I left the Temple, and crossed over the Fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets and Alarms, that seemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appear'd at a great distance a very shining Light, and in the midst of it a Person of a most beautiful Aspect; her Name was TRUTH. On her Right Hand there marched a Male Deity, that bore several Quivers on his Shoulders, and grasped several Arrows in his Hand. His Name was *Wit*. The Approach of these two Enemies filled all the Territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable Consternation, insomuch that the Goddess of those Regions appear'd in Person upon her Frontiers with the several inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who border'd upon the *Regions of* FALSEHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body, with a Design to stand upon their Guard as Neuters, and attend the Issue of the Combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were Mustered together in an Army. There were Men whose Bodies were stuck full of Darts, and Women whose Eyes were burning Glasses: Men that had Hearts of Fire, and Women that had Breasts of Snow. It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like Nature, that composed this great Army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided it self into two Parts; the one half throwing themselves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSEHOOD.

The Goddess of FALSEHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced some Paces before the Front of her Army; but as the dazling Light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real Substance. At length, as the Goddess of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanish'd amidst the Brightness of her Presence; so that there did not remain the least Trace or Impression of her Figure in the Place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, 'till the whole Hemisphere is extinguish'd; such was the vanishing of the Goddess; and not only of the Goddess her self, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized with their Leader, and shrunk into Nothing, in Proportion as the Goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the Fish betook themselves to the Streams, and the wild Beasts to the Woods: The Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the whole Face of Nature its true and genuine Appearance. Tho' I still continued asleep, I fancy'd my self as it were awaken'd out of a Dream, when I saw this Region of Prodigies restor'd to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows.

Upon the Removal of that wild Scene of Wonders, which had very much disturbed my Imagination, I took a full Survey of the Persons of WIT and TRUTH, for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact Body of Figures. The Genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Lawrel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypress, and covered with Robes dipped in Blood. *Satyr* had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garment. *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Mask. After several other Figures, *Epigram* marched up in the Rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his Heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the Appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his Looks, as inspired me at once with Love and Terrour. As I was gazing on him to my unspeakable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a Present of it, but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a Chair, and by that means awaked.

ERRATA.

Numb. LXII. Col. 4. Line 40. for *withous* read *with*.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of April, are to be sold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-House, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate, Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard, Mr. Round in Exchange Ally, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane, where also may be had those for the Month of March.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not Acted there these Two Years.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this present Saturday, the 12th of May, will be presented a Comedy, called, The Chances: As it was alter'd by the late Duke of Buckingham. The part of Don John to be perform'd by Mr. Wilks, Constantine Mrs. Oldfield, Don Frederick by Mr. Mills, Don Antonio by Mr. Penkethman, Anthony by Mr. Norris, Peter by Mr. Croft, Landlady by Mrs. Willis. And on Monday next, (at the Desire of several Persons of Quality) will be presented a Play, call'd, The Unhappy Favourite; or, The Earl of Essex.

This Play is sold by Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over against Catherine-street in the Strand.

Whereas Mr. Thomas Brown's Collection of Pictures was on the 10th Instant to be Sold by Auction; this is to acquaint the Curious, that the Capital Pictures are to be Sold by Hand, at the two White Posts in Leicester Fields, at the late Monsieur Lyoncrown's House, and are put at such moderate Prices as will encourage all Buyers.

At Mr. George Holgat's, a Sadler, at the Sign of the Golden Key in Leadenhall street, is a new one Horse Chaise, with a very fine Harness, to be Sold a great Bargain worth.

A most Incomparable Paste for the Hands, far exceeding any thing ever yet in Print: It makes them Delicately white, soft and plump; fortifies them against the Scorching heat of the Fire or Sun, and Sharpness of the Wind. A Hand cannot be so spoil'd but the use of it will recover them. Sold only at Mr. Allen's Toy-shop, over against the Royal Exchange, at 1 s. 6 d. a pot, with directions; where is also sold the excellent German Powder for the Scurvy in the Gums and Teeth which by only scouring them every Morning, whitens and fastens the Teeth to a Miracle, at 1 s. a Scale.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.